

And now from all sides there burst into
view
Whole crowds of young students, and old
ones not few,
Who all hurry for lockers to put away
books,
That they may return soon for an exchange
of looks.

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

The lobby's now crowded and the clatter
that's made
Bids fair to put Babel way back in the
shade,
But now and again you'll distinguish a
sound
Which proceeds from some group that's
standing around

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

Just to the left, all stylishly dressed,
Six or eight girls try to show off their best
By hugging and kissing a young girl just
come

To see the proceedings and join in the fun
In the Lewis Institute lobby.

Just in front a bright fellow is telling a
tale,
And the laughter he rouses is proof 'tis not
stale;
To the left a student is dunning a fellow
Who signed for this book and at payment
turned yellow

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

All this proceeds seven minutes or more,
Nor during this time does the din ever
lower,

When all of a sudden the gongs do vibrate,
And the students stop short, in a sec-
ond vacate

The Lewis Institute lobby.

But though most of the students now hurry
to class,

There's sometimes a fellow, and most al-
ways a lass

Who will tarry a while and hang back from
their work,

And for a moment or two show inclination
to shirk

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

But now appears on the scene a bold little
man,

Who approaches the stragglers with
open demand.

He asks that they 'mediately vacate the
hall,

For between hours at Lewis wants no one
at all

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

And now you decide you'd best follow this
rule,

And depart on the spot from this model
school.

So you go down the stairs, just the way
that you came,

And you may be sure the next hour brings
the same

In the Lewis Institute lobby.

HAROLD MORGAN.

